THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X — New York, Wednesday, August 28, 1929 — Number 17

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Mr. Snowden Protests 411
Week by Week 412
In the Front Row 416
America "X" Europe ..... John Carter 417
The Glories of Gaelic ..... Aodh de Blácam 419
I Have Met the Archbishop ..... J. Desbriere Irwin 421
Possession (*verse*) ..... Gertrude Ryder Bennett 423
When Sleep Is Sickness ..... Adrian Scolten 423
Down the Road East ..... Leo R. Ward 424
Vixen (*verse*) ..... Leo Kennedy 425
Communications 425
Books ..... Johannes Mattern, Eleanor Downing, Grenville Vernon, Joseph J. Reilly 427

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

MR. SNOWDEN PROTESTS

BEYOND any doubt the activity of Mr. Snowden at the Hague is the most sensational feat of the hour. And yet it was inevitable, granted a number of antecedent circumstances, that the present British government should authorize some such stand. Older British diplomacy seems to have been based upon the opinion that economic and financial recovery would follow the establishment of peace. Accordingly, it moved heaven and earth to convince the French of their security and to create a practical attitude toward Germany's ability to pay. The only trouble with this diplomacy was its failure. Industrial depression did not pass away, the Conservatives were beaten, and Mr. MacDonald took up the problem of getting what was wanted in another way. As in all such cases, it was discovered that little things were inextricably tied up with very big ones. Appropriations for the navy could be reduced only if the race for armaments could be halted. Financial improvement could be expected if London recovered some of its prestige as a world banking centre, and that meant trying to secure agreement that the "Young plan international bank" be established in that city.

Considered independently, Mr. Snowden's demand for an additional 10,000,000 marks annually from Germany does not seem important enough to merit haggling over. That sum is not sufficient to justify serious disagreement among the powers; but to suggest revision of the Young plan terms so soon after the agreement was signed is really to lay the whole subject open for dissection once more. It is difficult to avoid feeling that here the attack is, in a measure, upon the United States—that the British are suggesting they can follow the American style in regarding the whole settlement as a matter which must not interfere with their own national business. Under the plan future German payments are so arranged that only one-third of the annuities are "non-postponable," which means payable through a bond issue to be levied by the "international bank." A good slice of the remaining reparations will, in all likelihood, never be paid at all, so certain is the necessity for revision to present itself. Britain's debt to the United States, however, is underwritten on a basis of eighty-two cents on the dollar. Mr. Snowden's insistence upon more of the non-postponable annuities is therefore equivalent to a request for solid cash from Germany with which to pay solid cash to the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Against France the British case is, we believe, rather weak. Though Paris has harped too strongly upon its fate as "the victim of German aggression," there is no doubt regarding either its sufferings or the fragility of its victory. England succeeded in having the German navy scrapped, in getting the lion's share of the imperial colonies, in guaranteeing the integrity of Belgium, and in cleansing the Mediterranean as well as the near East of Hohenzollern outposts. It seems a little unfair to suggest that the French should now cede any large portion of the moneys which Germany will definitely pay. Nor can one easily believe they will consent while postponement of the Rhineland evacuation remains with them like a lucky number in a lottery. The Paris writers have all stressed the importance of making this evacuation depend upon acceptance of the Young plan. They do so most intelligently. Reich statesmen must bargain for the freedom of Cologne, and any halt in the proceedings will, of course, be attributed to Mr. Snowden.

Naturally it is absurd to take that gentleman to task, as some have done, for breaking a piece off the "indivisible whole" of the Young plan. That agreement might have been a unit if it had achieved a definitive settlement of the entire reparations problem, including the sums due the United States. But in reality it merely constituted a step—though a very significant one—toward such a settlement. It fixed a sum within reason for Germany to pay. This it reapportioned on a basis with which Great Britain is not satisfied, and then proceeded to enumerate hypothetical other sums which might eventually be secured. The plan has therefore always been an "estimate" rather than a contract. What astonishes everybody is the MacDonald government's very early eagerness to debate the terms. This eagerness may, in part, have been dictated by domestic British politics. It may in part be attributable to Mr. Snowden's own opinion about his job. You may guess still again and say that British Labor is opposed to "international capitalism" and to a bank subject to no government control. The fact remains that Britain is profoundly ill at ease over its international economic status.

Is part of the Pan-Europa scheme once propounded by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi actually coming true? One can only say that the fruits of Briand's unification policy are in a measure discernible already, and that if he had the idea more fully developed at present his position with reference to the British would be much stronger. A Franco-German agreement which had gone beyond the problems bound up with the war to the practical necessities of the present and future would interlock the continent to an extent which might make the circumstance that England's centre of gravity is really somewhere in the Pacific quite evident. No doubt frank acceptance of the Young plan is a necessary preliminary to any such larger agreement. And it may well be that the British statesmen are working overtime to arrange this satisfactorily.

WEEK BY WEEK

NONE of the cannon crackers exploded by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt in her current series of articles has made a noise comparable to that which attended the news regarding her address to the Springfield, Ohio, Methodist Conference last fall. The speech became famous primarily because it informed the assembled ministers that the 600,000 Methodists in Ohio were "enough to swing the election." Mrs. Willebrandt asserts that she had not relished making that speech. It was requested by the Republican National Committee, and even approved (she declares) by the Honorable James Francis Burke, G.O.P. counsel. Mr. Burke replied with a sweeping denial of the charges, making the specific point that "it is needless to say that had Mrs. Willebrandt or any other person submitted to me a speech attacking my own religion, I would have resented and repudiated it." Forthwith the New York World, which remembers the last campaign fairly well, rose to declare: "This is not the point. Mrs. Willebrandt has not been accused of attacking the Catholic Church. She has been accused of going to the Methodist Church in her rôle as an official spokesman of the Republican party and asking this Church to enter partizan politics." There the matter must rest, for the present. To us it seems that whether or not the address was O K'd by Mr. Burke is scarcely a matter of importance. He was certainly not responsible for the move, and probably could not have stopped it anyhow. Both he and Mrs. Willebrandt take no pride in the incident. But who did decide to hook up Republicanism with evangelical religion? Was it just simply the outcome of "party psychology," reckoning all means fair which guaranteed results, or was it a definite group of leaders who can be listed according to the letters of the alphabet?

Believe It or Not

TEXTILE milling has received few smiles from Dame Fortune anywhere recently, but the closing of the factories in Lancashire, England, was a particularly heavy blow to a country already beset with staggering unemployment problems. Nearly half a million workers left in protest against an announcement that wages would be reduced a fifth; and though "relief funds" administered by the trades unions prevented wholesale starvation, eighteen days of trouble improved the health and the spirits of no one. Both sides in the controversy having agreed to arbitration, two committees are studying the situation. In all likelihood it will be found that, as in various portions of our own New England, equipment is antiquated and the product out of step with the times. What miseries have resulted from failure to observe that rayon was taking the place of denim! The British hope to establish a measure of "coöperative democ-

Arbitration in Lancashire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy" in Lancashire, acting according to the principles suggested by Sir Ernest Benn. Workers would thus assume part of the responsibility for the success of the industry, and in case of a slump would be better prepared to accept ill luck with resignation. The eventual outcome depends, however, upon so many factors that one must await developments with anxious hope.

THE news that General Umberto Nobile is in Germany planning on another flight to the polar regions would have been received with derision last fall, but finds an entirely different reception today. Much has happened during the past eight months to brighten the prospects of the scapegoat of the Italia. The disinterested testimony of Lundborg and Behounek as to the General's conduct after the disaster have cleared his character as a man; as an aeronaut his reputation has been considerably rehabilitated by the recognition of the fact that the decision to fly in May, against the advice of the Germans, was largely forced by the attitude of popular and official Italian opinion, eager for immediate prestige in air exploration and displeased at the suggestion that the trip be delayed almost a year in order to take advantage of the better flying weather of April. And then the verdict of the official commission of inquiry which, partly to gratify the popular demand, partly to detour around certain ugly reports, and partly to relieve the government itself of accusation, placed the blame for the disaster wholly upon Nobile, was not altogether unfortunate for him. By being so severe it made him a martyr, a victim. And the result of all this is that one year after the disaster he is able to get a hearing for his plans for another attempt. There is, of course, every reason for his activity. At forty-four, having already been a national hero and an international scoundrel, only great excitements could occupy his soul.

Nobile Returns

LIKE Mr. Fletcher, whom he succeeds as ambassador to Italy, Mr. John W. Garrett has had a long training in the diplomatic service. He began about thirty years ago as secretary to the American legation at the Hague, and since then has been chargé d'affaires at almost every capital in western Europe; envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Venezuela, Argentina, the Netherlands and Luxemburg; chairman of the special diplomatic mission which negotiated and signed the Berne treaty in 1918, and secretary of the general disarmament conference at Washington in 1921; and he has, besides, served on many international commissions of arbitration. This should be enough to show that he is the logical successor to Mr. Fletcher, not only as our representative at Rome, but as the favorite and ideal of all who believe that the United States suffers from not being represented more generally by men who are schooled and disciplined in the ways of diplomacy. Of course as a multimillionaire and an experienced banker, he has the added, in these days indispensable fascination of being a specialist in finance. It has been remarked of late how curiously the connotations of "dollar diplomacy" have been changed, so that what was once a term of ridicule is now the slogan of an approved policy.

Dollar Diplomacy

THE bitterest trade war of the year in the United States was a war of advertisers. Some of the most caustic words penned during the same period gave expression to charges and, in rebuttal, counter-charges, that the code of advertising ethics had been violated—treated as a scrap of paper. Some of the best, and certainly the most entertaining criticism, was that directed against advertising hokum. Consequently, of the samples of adroit and cogent speechifying which the newspapers selected from the proceedings of the International Advertising Association's congress at Berlin recently, we liked best that in which Mr. Edward A. Filene said: "We have assumed the rôle of guide, philosopher and directing friend to the world; we have taken on us a jurisdiction far beyond that accorded or admitted to any other human individual or organization." The burden of his remarks may be reduced to this: (1) Advertising has made possible mass production in the United States; mass production has resulted in high wages and increased purchasing power, therefore advertising is responsible for our prosperity. (2) Economic greeds and jealousies are the chief causes of war; international prosperity will remove the sources of these greeds and jealousies; extensive advertising can create an international prosperity; therefore advertising can prevent war.

Advertising and War

NO DOUBT it is a sign of the times that the Paris l'Oeuvre, which has been a fairly radical (though not rabid) journal, makes room for an article by Dr. Maurice Lebon urging the reëstablishment of nursing sisters in as many hospitals as possible. The doctor is anything but a Catholic. He merely recognizes the "unquestionable competence and morality" of the nuns, avers that they mean a saving of millions annually, and concludes that "welcoming the cornets" is a matter of good sense. It may be added that few members of the medical profession observed the passing of the sisters during the Combes era with equanimity. A passage from a book we hope to review soon is so much to the point here that we feel it deserves quotation. Dr. Axel Munthe's Story of San Michele is the work of a Protestant, and here is what it says: "I saw the nuns go and a pity it was. No doubt they had their faults. No doubt they were more used to dipping their fingers in holy water than in carbolic acid solution, then the all-powerful panacea

Applause for the Sisters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in our surgical wards, soon to be replaced by another. But their thoughts were so clean, their hearts so pure, they gave their whole life to their work and asked in return but to be allowed to pray for those under their care. Even their worst enemies have never dared to belittle their all-sacrificing devotion and their all-enduring patience. People used to say that the sisters went about their work with sad, sullen faces, their thoughts more occupied with the salvation of the soul than that of the body. This was, indeed, a mistake. On the contrary, these nuns, young and old, were invariably cheerful and happy, almost gay and full of childish fun and laughter, and it was wonderful to watch them communicate their happiness to others. They were also tolerant. Those who believed and those who did not were all the same to them. If anything they seemed to be more anxious to help the latter, because they felt so sorry for them and showed no signs of resentment even for their curses and blasphemies. They well knew that I did not belong to their creed. At first the mother superior had made some timid attempts to convert me to the faith which had made her sacrifice her life for others, but she had soon given it up with a compassionate shaking of her old head."

Poorhouse Pilgrims

THE displacement of workers through the introduction of new machinery and methods is certainly one of the important causes of unemployment. It is very especially the reason for a comparatively new industrial phenomenon—"no work for men over forty." In a recent article in Harper's, Mr. Stuart Chase summarizes very impressively some available evidence regarding this development. Most of it has been supplied by the Secretary of Labor, who has observed that the average acceptable age in the steel and other mills is now forty-five. This figure appears also in the survey conducted by the National Association of Manufacturers, although the dead-line for skilled workers is set a little higher. Everybody knows that technique has changed so rapidly in all forms of endeavor that people who cannot readily relearn are bound to become inefficient. Group insurance has also played a part in the war on aging workers. Since it is true that "the older the average age of the factory or office force, the higher the premiums under the group insurance schedules," it follows that an employer will hire the youngest force he is able to recruit. One is almost compelled to believe that the present industrial system, uniquely conscious of social obligations, has increased rather than lessened that "economic insecurity" which produces, over and above the poorhouse, a large portion of prevailing statistics about suicide, neurasthenia and debility. Mr. Chase argues for government intervention to supply adequate knowledge regarding the problem, an intelligent program of public works and a system of unemployment insurance comparable to that in Europe.

How Fast Is Speed?

AFTER all these years in which we have been paying extra fare on fast trains between New York and the West, it is very sad to learn that the practice conflicts with a section of the Interstate Commerce Act which provides that no rate or fare shall be charged for a long haul that is in excess of the aggregate of intermediate rates or fares. The opinion has been informally declared by the Interstate Commerce Commission's bureau of tariffs, and a formal hearing will be held in October on the petition of the railroads for relief from application of the section in question. Threatened with a loss of $9,000,000 yearly, the railroads will contend valiantly for the principle that fast trains represent an extraordinary service. But their case does not appear an easy one when it is considered that their standards of "extraordinary" speed have not been changed since before the invention of the airplane. When trains first made the run from New York to Chicago in less than twenty-eight hours, the railroads began charging an extra $1.20 for each hour cut from that figure. This was thirty-two years ago, and whatever the Interstate Commerce Commission may decide to think about it, the general public will not be convinced that what was fast in the late eighteen-nineties is fast in 1929.

A Few More Names

UNDER the title, Catholic Tradition in Non-Catholic Literature, the Reverend H. E. G. Rope publishes in the current Month an interesting bit of research into English letters since the Reformation. He lists Chatterton, Scott, Morris, Disraeli, Byron, Burne Jones, Ruskin and George Eliot as contributing each some share to the chorus of defense and appreciation of things Catholic by which those outside the fold have again and again exhibited their intellectual generosity or their instinct for truth. But surely the list could be made much longer. If the formal tributes to Rome are few, the implicit rapprochements (which Father Rope also includes) are many. There are Catholic flashes in Hooker and Browne, and perhaps something more in Donne. Only one important poet in the Metaphysical group was Catholic, but who can question the authentically Catholic mood of Henry Vaughan? Newman said of Johnson, in effect, that he was unhappy all his life from being catholique manqué; and remembering that pathetic entry in his diary in which he notes that he prayed for his poor Tetty's soul "if it be permitted," one is constrained to believe this. It is certain that some of Coleridge's private creed was so Catholic as to draw a rebuke from Charles Lamb. Wordsworth's tribute to Our Lady—"Our tainted nature's solitary boast"—is famous, and likewise Carlyle's enthusiastic account of the great Abbot Samson.

MATTHEW ARNOLD told a Protestant world that the Catholic Church was not a sect, but the Catho-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lic Church; and there are other things in his prose which go a long way toward counteracting the Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. Browning's Spanish Cloister and Bishop Blougram are not definitive; he is often quite energetically Catholic in instinct and belief. Christina Rossetti was completely in the Catholic ascetic tradition, in life and expression; and of later men, Augustine Birrell has said so much for the Church that one wonders a little why he has not said more. Mr. Wyndham Lewis would yield quotations among the philosophers, and Miss Kaye-Smith among the fictioneers. Even Mr. Joyce has borne testimony, in his own Joycean way, at the end of The Portrait of an Artist. To skip across the sea (which is not strictly fair, but one is carried along on the crest of the idea) Longfellow, the most cultivated of our early men of letters, knew enough about the history of culture to have a deep literary sympathy with Catholicism: vide Evangeline and the translation of Dante. Our moderns, too, have produced their tributes. Mr. Masters's Father Malloy is unequivocally fine; and among the novelists, even discounting the perhaps not unmixed praises of Mr. Hemingway, there are the friar of Mr. Wilder and Miss Cather's altogether glorious archbishop.

Farewell to Agag

WE MOURN the news that Agag, the devastating jester who has entertained us the past many months by his department, Across the Bar, in G. K.'s Weekly, will perform there no more. We do not know why he is stopping; but, after all, beyond the fact that he was the most versatile and coruscant of columnists, there is hardly anything we do know about Agag. Who was he? Mr. Belloc? Probably not. His irony was too light-hearted. Mr. Chesterton? No. Mr. Chesterton, on paper as in person, is insusceptible of disguise. Mr. Dearmer? Perhaps, but one has no certainty. And why Agag? After that king of the Amalek who came "stepping delicately"? Certainly this Agag stepped delicately, though there was something deadly about that lightness, as of the tread of small pointed hoofs that know how to cut while they caper. It is hard to say whether their owner had a happier hatred for Liberals or Conservatives. There was one description of the Liberal dinner given in honor of those members of the party who were not standing for office which is unforgettable; but so, too, is the following sly tabloid review of the Conservative dispensation: "The revelation that Mr. Hoover used the wrong words in taking his oath has led to the recollection of a number of similar mistakes. I am told, for example, that Mr. Baldwin, when being sworn in at his instalment in office, instead of using the prescribed form, declared that now he laid him down to sleep, he prayed the Lord his soul to keep." We close the happy memory with a final quotation: "It has been calculated that if all the living English writers were placed end on end, they would reach from Calais to Dover. There is the objection, of course, that some of those at the extremities of the line might scramble ashore; but fundamentally the idea seems pretty sound."

Pity the Nation!

"THE yawping, sneering, exaggerated and, indeed, comical lucubrations of T. Swann Harding, who admits that he wrote 110 articles last year . . . have been met in a general way by the medical professions with yawns and with pity for the editors. Are these contributions worthy of space in periodicals that are presumed to be devoted to thought and sound opinion?" This is a question asked editorially by the Journal of the American Medical Association. Evidently the Nation's answer would be affirmative for it prints in its August 14 issue an article by this same Mr. Harding. One turns from his thinly veiled and purposeless blasphemies, his readily recognized misinterpretations, his cheap resort to quasi-sensationalism with disgust but with reluctant admiration for his sales ability. For, in accepting Mr. Harding's article, the editors of the Nation must have heeded a persuasive voice indeed—a voice which was able to stifle such considerations as good judgment and good taste. Or are we to believe that Mr. Villard's weekly opens its pages to any heterogeneous mass of quotations, specious facts, misstatements and vapid conclusions if somewhere in the welter lies a sneer for the faith of all Christians?

Unpatriotic Capital

IMIGRATION quotas have been cut so that only a handful of the very best people are let into the country each year; border patrols are constantly making it harder for smugglers to get aliens across the boundaries, and cheap foreign labor is being forced to remain at home. Despite this, American labor is gradually being brought into competition with it. If not, there would seem to be no reason for the alarm with which Mr. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, views the great increases in American investments abroad. American money is leaving the country to pay foreign wages, foreign taxes, and to produce goods which may be shipped back across the Atlantic. Although Mr. Woll has no remedy, he declares that from the view-point of labor, nothing could be worse. Yet he ought to realize that the situation he complains of includes no threat to us if there is anything in the theory that high wages create big markets—a theory which the American Federation of Labor has frequently proclaimed. If it holds good in the United States, it ought to be effective in Europe. The American capital invested in continental industries is destined to help raise the standards of wages over there, so that European labor will be enabled to purchase the commodities which Mr. Woll fears may invade these shores to the detriment of American industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE FRONT ROW

THE vogue of mordancy ought to make Macaulay's reflections on the Royal Society of Literature, written more than a hundred years ago, decidedly palatable. The vehement lord expresses a dislike not only for those gatherings in the name of art which flourished in his own country, but for the very principle of gregarious appreciation and criticism. Since it is harder to "establish the merits of a poem" than to prove the efficacy of a machine, he holds that "it is in literature that quackery is most easily puffed and excellence most easily decried." The written word is "the great engine which moves the feelings of a people on the most momentous questions." Accordingly, politics and caste sentiment are forever interfering with the focus which any large group of people can bring to the consideration of a book or an idea. The Royal Society, Macaulay declares, "can be innocent only while it continues to be despicable." Grant such an organization any influence and "it will furnish a secure ambuscade, behind which the Maroons of literature can take a certain and deadly aim."

We find in the current issue of our excellent contemporary, the Bookman, an essay by Douglas Bush which modernizes many of the opinions expressed by Macaulay. Mr. Bush is, to be sure, attacking the public rather than any one group; but he does surmise that Professor Babbitt "might grow faint in surveying club programs for the week." In the following sabre thrust he does get close to his nineteenth-century forbear: "The Adelphi Club is combating the spirit of the age with a series of papers on Idealism in Modern American Literature; the subjects for this week are Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Bruce Barton, and in the near future there will be a lecture by Mr. Guest himself." Finally one is asked to discern the mainspring of current American civilization in "the desire, not for intellectual mastery but for a little cultural varnish." Thus we approach that fascinating phenomenon, the lecturer—and we need to consider both the influence of this gentleman and the influence upon this gentleman. To what extent is he a missionary of ideas, and to what extent must he be thought a mouthpiece fashioned in accordance with popular specifications? The question is, at least, in season; and trying to answer it, can cause nobody any great discomfort or irritation.

Lecturing must, it is apparent, be identified with no scientific or scholarly pursuit. Very original minds do give of their best on the platform, but the intelligences which get curtain calls are those which know "how to deliver a message." Sometimes an amateur in the profession realizes, to his great confusion, that he has been totally mistaken about this detail. We remember a very learned Englishman who arrived on these shores with several unusually profound addresses on ancient Greek civilization tucked into a neat brief case. After some moments of natural hesitation a friend tried to persuade him that Our Debt to Homer was a matter vast crowds were eager to hear about and to pay off, if necessary. Incidentally it was observed that they certainly would pay the lecturer. A month passed by, however, before the visiting savant saw the point. He had talked earnestly at an exclusive girls' school, to the great peril of discipline, and had been invited to an informal dinner by the twelve members of the Society for the Exploration of the Aegean. We are happy to add that Our Debt to Homer eventually paid for his passage, and even for the bust of Apollo for which he had gone into debt before leaving home.

No. The lecturer must realize that he is one kind of artist, whose business it is to provide entertainment and stimulus. Taken in this way he is neither a theme for satire nor a sign that the world is rolling down hill on a boulder. He offers thousands of normal and exceedingly valuable people a form of pleasure they could obtain from no one else. Taking hold of ideas and desires they already possess (and what an art it is to find those ideas and desires!) he pulls them a little farther toward a consciousness of that great void of ignorance of which he himself is profoundly aware. Minds clamber as nimbly as they can up ropes suspended from a height which represents, generally at least, the average level to which culture has attained. It is as futile to quarrel with this average as to upbraid people for wishing to reach it. Here is a game which the human species has always loved, and the man who will play it with them deserves to have a sizable check in his pocket and a snapshot in the local paper.

One may well believe, however, that the effect of lecturing is not always salutary upon the chief performer. Everybody likes to play a game, but few enjoy being beaten at it. If you can add a new idea to some person's already existing store—if you can induce a mind to take just another step—you have made a friend and, perhaps, another engagement. But should you reveal the emptiness of an opinion already firmly pinned down—should you suggest a hasty retreat from a bad intellectual trench—it may be that you have made a violent enemy whose opposition is thenceforth as definite as the animosity of a hungry mosquito.

Small wonder that the lecturer gradually becomes the most gingerly, the most cautious of mortals. He adheres rigidly to the approved formula for lifting the teacup, and no less doggedly to the "generally accepted view." Unless he is gifted with irony, he may be headed straight for the championship of affirmative declarations. But fortunately, as time goes on both lecturers and their audiences are absorbing more of irony. The front row may be eager for the "coat of varnish," but it has a suspicion that it is really not getting a new house. Therein, one feels, lies the escape from the calamities to which both Lord Macaulay and Mr. Bush refer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA "X" EUROPE

By JOHN CARTER

Europe and America, says Mr. Carter in the following paper are not incompatible or separated by conflicting basic interests. Relations between the two countries hinge upon new and therefore unknown quantities. The most important of these is economic and financial collaboration, which grows because it is practical. While the tourist makes himself odious, he spends money—to the great edification of his hosts. Capital investments interlock; political maneuvers meet at given points. Nevertheless, as the reader will gather, troubled waters are not yet coated with tranquillizing oil.—The Editors.

FOR the last ten years, in the mathematics of world economy discussion has been dominated by the most elemental of conceptions. Reduced to its simplest terms, the inter-continental argument has raged over the question of whether the twentieth century is to be the century of America plus Europe or the century of Europe minus America.

On the one hand, the articulately Eurocentric element in both worlds has insisted that a plus sign should express the relations of the old and the new world. Unless America and Europe merged their assets and their liabilities on a fifty-fifty basis, there would be no hope for mankind. On the other hand, the American isolationists have not hesitated to point out that in such a merger as has been indicated to us, the new world would contribute the assets and the old world the liabilities. They have warned us to have nothing to do with Europe, have deplored every sign of a tendency to assimilate our interests to those of Europe and have made the test of every case a determination whether it implied closer relations with the old world, rather than whether it was to the advantage of the new.

Actually, of course, what is happening is something of a far greater complexity than so highly simplified an equation. "x" is the most appropriate symbol for the real relationship between the western hemisphere and the continent from which are derived its racial stock, its civilization and its political evolution. "x" in this case not only suggests the Unknown Quantity—that factor which stands in international business as the Unknown Soldier of Economics—but also the very simple but rather mysterious process of multiplication. America plus Europe, America minus Europe, are arbitrary mechanical conceptions on which it is possible to base prejudice and arouse political passion; America multiplied by Europe, especially in terms of the unpredictable quantities of world trade, implies neither European accretion nor European impoverishment, neither domination nor subjection, but the plain advantage of both worlds in their mutual relationships.

While, therefore, political phenomena have existed and do exist at the present moment to justify all the predications made by both parties to the debate on "Which shall be the master, America or Europe?"—as a young French economist entitled his book—economic multiplicity has built and is building a structure of collaboration between the two worlds which quietly ignores all contradictory political appearances.

This is not to say that American and European interests are identical; far from it; they diverge at many points, as do the interests of any two nations or of any two sections within a nation. The fact is that on many points the interests of the old and the new world are entirely compatible with each other, that coöperation between them is necessary and increasingly practical in many lines of human endeavor, and that if we are ever to arrive at a sane evaluation of our proper economic relationship to Europe, we must consider the points at which our interests coincide as well as those at which they diverge.

The trouble is that too much is too easily made of our mutual divergences. We compete with Europe industrially, financially, in shipping, in commerce, and for the control of raw materials. Propagandists are very apt, in considering these factors, to fail to take into account the fact that Europe is our best customer, that we have loaned billions of dollars to European governments and enterprises, and that we have hundreds of millions tied up in those same industries, shipping companies, oil and rubber companies with which "we" are competing.

Working by the old dead reckoning of "plus" and "minus" psychology it is easy to make out a red-hot case for trouble. Alarmists can—and do—point to current "anti-American" commercial propaganda, to agitation for the cancellation of war debts, to proposals to devalorize gold or to boycott the American dollar, to ambitious schemes for establishing "a solid economic front" in Europe against our "financial and industrial colonization," to the efforts to form a single customs union out of the British empire as a "reaction against the American tariff," and to the countless pinpricks and exasperations inseparable from the position of economic preëminence which we now enjoy and from which determined and entirely natural efforts are being made to displace us.

However, when you have mentioned the anti-American commercial propaganda (which is really an oblique and none too intelligent way of advertising European wares) the war debt propaganda, and the anti-tariff propaganda, you have exhausted the possibilities of the old method of reckoning economic relations on a political basis. Granted that they are irritating as obstacles to trade, they are by no means as irritating as was, say, the pagan nudity of the African natives to the cotton manufacturers of England. When Stanley, the explorer, spoke in Manchester on behalf of Afri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can missions, he was received with courtesy, but when he pointed out that Christianity would inculcate modesty among the natives and reckoned the millions of yards of cotton cloth which would be necessary to clothe the shame-struck Negroes, an audience of cotton manufacturers rose to its feet and cheered. Trade—or economics—has a way of surmounting even the most formidable obstacles. In the case of Europe and America, economics is rapidly surmounting the seemingly impassable barriers of mutual suspicion and resentment left by the war.

The new relationship which is being created is one of dynamic multiplicity. We have been lending billions to Europe and there has been talk of an "invasion." Europeans have today $7,000,000,000 invested in American enterprise, a sum considerably larger than our own direct stake on the continent. During the recent speculation on the stock exchange, while the Federal Reserve Board was trying to reduce brokers loans in order to protect European gold reserves from depletion, European banks were rushing funds to Wall Street to invest in brokers loans. After a ten-years' scramble for oil, the world's oil companies found themselves so threatened with over-production and low prices that, as a result, the "oil war" has been called off and we find the companies agreeing to a general program of restricted output, our Dutch "competitors" admitting American companies to their oil fields, and the Dutch Skell embarking on an ambitious selling campaign in New York and New England.

After mulling over the debt and reparations questions for a decade and exhausting the possibilities of polemics in every known tongue, including the Scandinavian, we find that the French government is ratifying the debt agreements, that the Young plan is winning German support for an orderly and non-political retirement of the German reparation obligation, and that our capital and support are being solicited for a world bank to handle international settlements and to finance the development of Africa through reparation payments. And most significant of all, we learn that one of the proposed banks' most important functions will be to stabilize European currencies, a function which has hitherto been voluntarily exercised by the Federal Reserve system in coöperation with the European banks of issue.

After a decade of talk on the perils to Europe of Americanization, of the subtle threat to European culture, of the deadly blight on Europe's "soul" represented by American methods, we find that Europe welcomes and adopts an American plank denouncing government ownership and favoring private ownership at the recent International Chamber of Commerce meeting of Amsterdam. We find Henry Ford enlisting the coöperation of the International Labor Bureau at Geneva in order to discover "real wages," so that the Ford factories in Europe may pay their workmen the equivalent of the Detroit scale. We find Mr. Filene of Boston supplying the Labor Bureau with the funds to ascertain these wages. Two cardinal principles of modern economic America are willingly being given currency on the continent, which is apparently entirely disposed to accept a technique offering the possibility of greater prosperity for the average man, in or out of business.

Ever since the Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922, denunciations of our high protectionism have been common, and the present tariff revision brings merely a repetition on a grand scale of all the arguments which have ever been brought to bear against our effort to direct the currents of our foreign trade in the interest of our domestic producers. Yet we find that every nation on the continent has raised its tariff since the war, that free-trade England has adopted the protective principle in the McKenna duties and the Safeguarding of Industries, and that all indications point to yet further increase in European duties. Even the threats of forming a European customs union leave us undisturbed, for the very good reason that whatever is calculated to enhance European prosperity cannot fail to make us more prosperous. Great Britain has been grousing about our duties ever since the Civil War, yet our purchases from the British have shown a steady increase during the same period. The German Customs Union seemed at the time injurious to British interests, but actually it led to an immense increase in Anglo-German trade. Should the British system of imperial preference be expanded as a result of the agitation set in motion in London and the dominion capitals by our tariff revision, the consequent increase in imperial prosperity could not fail to be reflected in an upward surge in our trade with the empire.

For the last ten years we have heard—and perhaps secretly sympathized with—the growing volume of complaint against the manners, appearance, vulgarity and nouveau-richness of our tourists. They have been mobbed in Paris and swindled in every city, town and hamlet west of Warsaw. They have been caricatured—and welcomed. They have "spoiled" Europe—and they spend there two and a half times the sum Europe pays us on account of the war debts. They are possibly odious—and they disperse abroad a sum which is almost exactly equal to the sum earned by all of our $15,000,000,000 worth of foreign investments.

So it goes. The League of Nations and the Kellogg pact were for a time regarded as rival systems for assuring peace. We find the League Council and the nation which made the pact a reality eagerly moving to prevent trouble between Paraguay and Bolivia. At one time a war between Japan and America for the control of the far East was earnestly discussed. We find America and Japan and the European nations cooperating to prevent war between Russia and China. At one time a war between England and America for the control of the seas was a subject of conversation. We find Dawes and MacDonald amicably settling all outstanding naval issues. To go a little further afield, the election of President Hoover was regarded by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some as an anti-Catholic victory. We find America's good offices being used to promote a settlement between the government and Church in Mexico.

Such an enumeration is not exhaustive. Nor is it immune from qualification. Minor spasms of economic nationalism are to be expected and are occurring. American stockholders are being deprived of voting rights in certain British companies. Should the Young plan be revised in the future, the question of war debts will again bob up. High wages in Europe may provoke outbursts on the part of European manufacturers as bitter as those which heralded our own employers' reaction to Ford's first announcement of a minimum wage scale at Detroit; the outbursts may be even more bitter, since they will be able to borrow the habiliments of patriotism. Punitive tariffs on certain types of American goods, quotas on American motion pictures and reprisals on American trade may temporarily obscure the essential harmony of world economics. Our tourists may again arouse the resentment of the "toured." The League of Nations and the Kellogg pact might conceivably find themselves in opposition. War may come in the far East, despite all efforts to avert it. Anglo-American naval conversations may get tangled up with the current domestic politics of continental nations.

Nothing is sure in the realm of politics, and still less is anything sure in the realm of economics. But if politics is the science of the possible, economics is the science of the practicable. From the practical point of view, it is far more to the interest of America and Europe to coöperate economically than it is to their interest to distrust or boycott each other. Each has too large a stake, industrial, commercial and financial, in the other's prosperity to permit minor disagreements to destroy the general good. It would be idle to expect the two continents to agree on every point; it would be dangerous if they were to do so, for it would indicate an unhealthy state of subservience or fear. As it is, however, the prospects are that the old world and the new, whatever their political relationship, will continue on the best of economic terms. The result of their coöperation will be neither the enslavement of Europe nor the subordination of America that the political mathematicians profess to fear, but the multiplication of each other's resources in the mysterious and fruitful manner symbolized by the letter "x."

THE GLORIES OF GAELIC

By AODH DE BLACAM

OF THE literature written in Gaelic during fourteen centuries, much has been lost. Surviving Gaelic literature amounts in volume to many times that of classical Rome. When we rule out what is repetitious and what is dull, a classic residue remains that would fill, perhaps, from five hundred to a thousand printed volumes. The image or record of the Irish past thus arrayed possesses worth and fascination for the learned world. In the older portion is found a window into the early Iron Age, wherein European civilization was founded. Dr. R. A. S. Macalister writes:

> Nowhere else but in Ireland do we find a literature that comes down to us right out of the heart of the La Tène period. But for Ireland, the works of art which that period has bequeathed to us would be lifeless and soulless. Ireland shows to us their living makers, and tells us something of what they did and how they thought.

The old and later sagas, apart from their historical content, are as bold and as satisfying as those of the Northmen, as rich in color as the tales of Greece. Here, too, is the thought of a virile nation that has carried a mediaeval mentality into the present age.

One of the most remarkable traits of Gaelic literature is that it deals, so to speak, with a continuous historic present. The same life, the same mode of thought, appear in the eighteenth century as in the eighth. Every student is struck by the modern note of the oldest Gaelic writings, as in the worldly wisdom of King Cormac's Instructions, or the monk's droll poem to his cat; he is equally struck by the persistence of the heroic air in the latest tales and poems. In effect, the Gael found a way of life long ago, and a religious faith, that satisfied him then and forever, and seemed to offer all that a man can wring from the world. His literature, therefore, contrasts in a remarkable way with that of such a country as England, where the writings of every generation mirror some philosophic change. Gaelic literature intellectually is a literature of rest, not of change: of intensive cultivation, not of experiment. It is, moreover, the image of civilization half heroic, half pastoral, that continues down to the present day; that never has accepted industrialism and the city, and that must live on if the Gael himself is not to disappear.

Always Gaelic literature belongs to the open air. In sport, the Gaelic habit still lives among us. Parties which gather on the Irish moors for hunting, shooting and fishing, and render a great horse show the chief function of the Irish social year, maintain a tradition which, 1,000 years ago, created in the hunting tales and poems of the Fiana the world's first large sporting literature.

Proper to an open-air life is an intellectual simplicity. Ireland still is little troubled by the perplexities of the study. Her priests retain that homely ease which was their conquering gift when her missions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flowed over the known world. Still in the little chapels of the Irish glens, sparsely ornate, worship has the intimacy of the home at Nazareth. This all-pervading faith, too, we shall find as one of the marks of Gaelic literature. In the combination of vigor and simplicity we shall trace, perhaps, the charm by which Ireland has enchanged men from the days of Northumbrian Aldfrid to those of the American tourist, absorbing Norsemen and Normans and generations of English soldiers and settlers.

All this many foreign students have found in Irish literature. Scholars of the first rank in Europe have lavished upon it enthusiasm that shames its neglectful heirs. Pope Pius XI talked to Irish pilgrims of their "lingua gloriosa." To enjoy any literature, the student must be ready to find interest in the life which it depicts. He will find Irish literature as intensely Catholic as the Spanish, and as intensely racial as that of Israel; and he must approach it on its own terms. Yet, while foreign scholars of classic taste find much in it, the Irishman finds more. Even the lesser poems in which are woven the names of our native hills, our heroes and our kindred, come poignantly to our bosoms, and as we read the finer sagas of our land we seem to inhabit the spiritual dwelling-places of our race.

We approach this literature, then, with open-minded curiosity. We shall seek to understand why our forbears wrote thus and thus; not why they chose not to follow foreign example. We shall not complain that the court poet wrote no epic; we shall seek rather to understand what was in his mind as he went from castle to castle, or in his dark tent turned his elaborate verses. A rough test of prose is that it bears rereading and is quotable. A rough test of verse is that it echoes in the memory. Despite the disadvantage of translation, episodes, read with that quiet receptivity necessary to the reading of classics, will stir admiration; many romances will excite wistful desires; many verses will carry the mind into the high regions of imagination. Always we shall see the past in the present and the present in the past.

The classical literature of the Gael contains almost nothing in drama, autobiography, modern science, travel, art, criticism and recent history. What, then, does the corpus of Irish letters comprise? We may classify it mainly in seven groups:

1. Native annals, histories, clan records and topographies.

2. A vast mass of heroic and romantic tales, beginning with the mythological and heroic sagas, and developing down the centuries toward the form of the modern romantic novel and short story.

3. A great volume of narrative, lyrical and elegiac poetry.

4. Lives of the Irish saints; homilies, and translations of foreign works of Catholic devotion.

5. Native law tracts and mediaeval works on philosophy, medicine and science.

6. Gaelic renderings, generally very free, of classical and mediaeval literature.

7. An abundant folklore; masses of proverbial matter, epigrams and anonymous songs.

To these groups must be added the considerable new literature which has sprung up since the beginning of the recovery of the language in 1893. This includes some admirable fiction, some biography, essays, literary criticism and translation.

Poetry and romance, however, besides being the most easily accessible, are also the most characteristic phases of our literature. Gaelic poetry, as we have remarked, is peculiar in its high elaboration. We shall see that at all times the poet held a place of privilege in Ireland: bishop, king and árd-ollamh, or chief poet, had equal dignity.

Closely connected with the poetic art was that of the prose romance. The graduate of the bardic schools was required to master hundreds of classical tales. These tales, or uirscéalta, were subdivided into many classes. Some were romantic in the popular sense of that word; some were humorous, and some were tragic. The stories of the Red Branch cycle, and in a lesser degree, those of the Fenian cycle, are epical in all save form. For better or worse, the Celt made his own use of his own material and ignored the literary evolution of other lands. He had ballads indeed, but often what other races turned into epic, or tragedy, or comic drama, he turned into prose narrative. At a very early date he had developed a technique of story-telling that offers as good a model as can be found anywhere in fiction. It is well to note that Celtic prose romance has been an important factor in European literary history. From Celtic prose romance sprang the Arthurian tradition that runs through English poetry and even German opera. From the same source sprang the romances of chivalry and, thence, the greatest masterpiece of secular prose, Don Quixote. Again, the romantic novel of Scotland, which has borne so large a progeny in the books of Scott, Stevenson, Munro, Crockett, Buchan and others, is the direct heir of Gaelic romance. The modern novel and the old uirscéal satisfy precisely the same taste. Scott's Red-gauntlet and Buchan's Midwinter, introducing Prince Charlie and Dr. Johnson in imaginary adventures, are admirable examples of uirscéalta. Down the centuries in Ireland the story-loving instinct worked on the events of history. We have uirscéalta which are built on episodes that are supposed to have taken place in the sixth century B. C., and on subsequent events down to the Battle of Clontarf. Even relatively modern history was romanticized.

Finally, we must repeat that the romances were intimately connected with the poetry. Irish poetry is full of allusions that can be understood only by those who are familiar with the sagas, just as a poem by Horace can be understood only by those who know their classical mythology.

It is usual to distinguish three chief periods in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growth of the Irish language and literature. We pass over that archaic dialect traceable in the Ogham inscriptions, and find the beginnings of our surviving literature in texts that come down from the eighth and ninth centuries. These are written in what we call Old Irish: a form of the language only intelligible today to the erudite. Old Irish has a considerable vocabulary, inflections, infixed pronouns, and a neuter gender, now obsolete. With the social changes attendant on the overthrow of the Danes, Middle Irish arises. This is a transitional form of the language. In this form an abundant literature survives. Middle Irish leaves traces on literature down to the sixteenth century; but Modern Irish, dropping the ancient pronunciation and syntax, and adopting the later vocabulary, appears as early as the fourteenth. As the Danish overthrow brought in literary Middle Irish, so the resurgence of the nation against the Anglo-Normans brought in literary Modern Irish. We shall see that the overthrow of the Gaelic order at the beginning of the seventeenth century also was reflected in philology; for early Modern yielded place to late Modern Irish in days when, with the overthrow of the Gaelic schools, academic diction was abandoned, and the speech of the people adopted as the literary language. The same phenomenon has been repeated in our own days, when Canon Peter O'Leary led our contemporary writers in a fresh resort to the speech of the people as the source of literary renaissance. The final revolution, however, has implied no greater changes than have occurred in the writing of English since the days of Milton.

While we take note of these linguistic periods, we must avoid the notion that any break in literary tradition is implied. On the contrary, the whole Modern period is the direct descendant and heir of the Middle and the Old. An eminent English literary critic contends that there is little of any consequence in English literature which came in earlier than the Conquest. For him, English culture is a recent growth of continental origin. Whether he be right or wrong in this, it is obvious that England has been nationally articulate in literature only since the renaissance. The same can be said to be true of most of the other great modern nations.

It is otherwise with the Gael. Only the corroding work of time upon language obliges him to surrender to specialists his older literary possessions; but he looks back in his literature to remote times and almost to racial origins, without interruption of vision.

I HAVE MET THE ARCHBISHOP

By J. DESBRIERE IRWIN

THAT sympathetic character of Willa Cather's charming book, Bishop Jean Marie Latour, is still alive: I have met him on the Amazon. . . .

I left Para on a broad river boat, that old-fashioned mode of traveling which retains all the romance and charm of a country as wild and immense as the Amazon. The cabins opened onto the deck, and in the centre a place had been cleared of partitions and there the long dining tables were set. I sat at the captain's table; on my left was a Brazilian general, on my right a colonel and across from me was a tall, white-haired priest. Only after a while did I notice that his straight black cassock was lined with a narrow purple braid—and I knew that he was a bishop. . . .

Jean Marie Latour, bishop of Santa Fé, appeared to me as Michel Alfred Barrat, bishop of Teffé. Both were Auvergnats, both were missionaries; both had built a diocese out of a wilderness. Both, I am sure, had *Monsenhor* Barrat's kind, almost youthful, smile, his straightforward blue eyes, his white hair, his aristocratic countenance, his utter simplicity—for he never wears his gold chain or cross except in the performance of religious duties, and even his episcopal amethyst ring he keeps in his pocket, taking it out only when he believes it necessary. He dresses in a plain black or white cassock, often without the purple braid or sash.

Miss Cather's bishop did his work some eighty years ago, and died. . . . My bishop is still working, struggling over his problems in a region 1,500 miles up the Amazon, which is called there the Solimãos.

The prelature apostolic of Teffé—for in mission countries a bishopric is called a prelature—contains 172,500 acres and is entirely covered by *mato*—the Brazilian jungle—and rivers. It is bordered on the northwest by Colombia, on the southwest by Peru, and is the largest of the eight prelatures of the state of Amazonas. It extends along both banks of the Solimãos, and includes the territories of the rios Jurua, Japura and Purus and their million tributaries. These waterways are indeed the only means of transportation. It takes my bishop six years to visit his entire prelature. Last year he spent ten months visiting just one of his six parishes.

This vast area is populated by 120,000 people. Teffé, the big town and the bishop's see, has 1,200 souls; the others are scattered along the banks of the rios, the rivulets and the lagunas. The rest of the population is made up of small Indian tribes, usually of from thirty to fifty members, who wander from place to place amid the *mato*.

After dinner I introduced myself to *Monsenhor* Barrat. I had taken him for a Brazilian—his Portuguese was indeed perfect, but I was almost sure he could speak French, as most educated Brazilians do. He said to me with his quiet, sweet smile: "But I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am French!" And thereafter I sat many hours on deck by his side, while in front of us passed fantastic expanses of water, or jungle so thick it seemed an actual wall of green.

He was born in Clermont Ferrant in Auvergne, and is a Father of the Holy Ghost. For many years he was assistant director at the college of Beauvais. In 1903, after the law was passed depriving clerical congregations of the privilege of teaching, my bishop, then Father Barrat, came to Manáos on the Amazon.

As far back as 1885, the archbishop of Manáos had asked the Holy Ghost Fathers to come and establish a mission up the Solimãos, and in 1897 a few of them came and formed a mission for the Indians of the Japura. When, in 1910, *Monsenhor* Barrat was made bishop of Teffé, he found a small village on the Rio Teffé, which forms there a wide and beautiful lake; four miles from that village he found a tiny house—the mission—in the midst of a small clearing in the jungle where the Teffé joins the Solimãos..

The old house built by the first missionaries, with just one room set apart as a chapel, is still there and in it live at all times two or three Fathers. But the small clearing has grown to many acres, fenced off with barbed wire from the jungle. It contains seventy-two native houses. The little colony is made up of ex-pupils of the Fathers' school at Teffé. They work the fields and plantations: they care for the cattle of the Fathers, and they are paid good wages.

Monsenhor Barrat has imported and experimented with every cereal, textile and fruit on his plantations. He now successfully grows corn, rice, *macaxera* (yucca), bananas, coffee, sugar-cane, *cajú,* cocoa and cotton. He also exploits rubber and *castanhas* in the forest. A considerable part of the clearing is kept in grass, for a large herd of cattle graze there. Indian houses, built of dry palm, are left open, for the natives like to have the cattle come and graze even inside the houses—it saves them the work of cleaning up.

The cows are milked and cheese and butter are made. But—"We get very little income from our dairy," said the bishop, "for we give much milk to the children and the sick, and very few of our clients are rich enough to pay us anything for it."

The mission also keeps a chicken and guinea-hen farm. Besides agriculture, the Fathers have developed industry as well. They make their own sugar out of their own sugar-cane. They spin their own cotton. They operate a sawmill and carpentry shop, and they even have a printing press where the monthly bulletin of the prelature is printed.

Great as is this accomplishment, it is, nevertheless, little in comparison with what my bishop has done at Teffé proper, where twenty years ago there was nothing. There he has had the opportunity to give full expression to his activity.

Whether the city will greet one from the top of a cliff or from the water level depends upon whether one arrives at Teffé in the dry or in the wet season.

The seminary is built right on the cliff and is the most imposing structure of the town. The school, the boys' orphanage and the Fathers' convent are grouped together. In 1924, eight Franciscan Sisters of Mary came, and they have added a girls' school, an orphanage for girls, sewing and weaving ateliers and a hospital. Hence my bishop now has over two hundred and fifty people he must care for daily, body and soul—a real colony.

The girls and boys are taught lessons and given a trade; motherless little ones from far away in the *mato* find there a mother's love in the good sisters; the sick and the crippled receive treatment and care.

"They are bold, my sisters," said the bishop. "I saw one make an emergency operation and save the man's life! It was an operation that a surgeon would have hesitated to undertake. But it was an emergency case, for the Brazilian law does not allow doctors graduated in other countries to practise in Brazil—and we have no doctor in Teffé!"

The cooking for all is done at a central kitchen, and each institution sends for its own share of food. Twenty years ago the main food was turtle meat. The turtles were caught in season, 500 at a time, and stored in pits, to be taken out when needed. But turtles are not so abundant now, and the present menu consists mostly of fish which is plentiful in the rio, of cereals grown on the plantations, of eggs, milk and poultry. For Teffé has a splendid poultry farm, in addition to the poultry at the mission, and Teffé lake holds many ducks, partly tamed by the care of an old crippled Father of whom they are the pride.

The kitchen garden, close to the town, has almost every plant and flower of Europe. Year after year *Monsenhor* Barrat tries new species: lettuce and carrots, potatoes and green peas grow in every season, and the sisters have roses and carnations as well as the wild jasmine and orchids of the forest to decorate the altar.

And one must not forget to mention the most indefatigable worker in that spot of refreshing and homelike culture: the little donkey, with one broken ear, who carries the water to sprinkle the beds. He is the indispensable character at all convents, a brother beast of the one who saw the little Child born in the manger at Bethlehem, or of that other who carried the Man-God to Jerusalem.

The church of Teffé is old and small, but—again just like Miss Cather's character—my bishop is building his cathedral. He journeyed to his native land for the plans, and with them he brought back cement and bricks. The church is to be called Sãota Teresa, and the first stone is to be laid this summer. It will be a great monument to the glory of God and to Teffé, which is now a city—almost.

Much of the time *Monsenhor* Barrat travels. He travels by motor launch up the rios, and when they are too shallow—or when he encounters waterfalls, which are frequent in his territory—he makes use of native

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

canoes paddled by Indians. All day long they go sheltered by the small roof of dry palm that covers the centre of the native canoe. At night they stop at a small dry palm hut, built on spikes planted in the mud along the river bank.

The entire Indian family greets their prelate with respect and love—native Amazonians are pious. They serve dinner of fish and *farinha* on the wooden platform in front of the house, amid gnats and mosquitoes. With the last rays of sunlight, all hang their hammocks under the roof—the bishop's among his hosts'.

At sunrise all are up and they bathe in the rio—for Amazonians bathe at least twice a day. By the time the bishop has put on his vestments, the neighbors of the forest have gathered. He marries the young couples, baptizes the children and hears confession. Then he celebrates mass amid the *mato,* his holy stone set on a crude plank or table, and everyone receives Holy Communion—which they have, perhaps, not done for a year or more. The ceremony ends with the confirmation of those who are prepared to receive the sacrament.

Many may think that one of refined tastes, of culture, of aristocratic bearing, as is the bishop of Teffé, is wasting his gifts among the Indians. But it is not so. It is those personal gifts—the magnetism of the man blended with the consoling teachings of the Church he upholds—that gain him the respect and love of his humble flock as well as of those in power. I do not think a different sort of man could have accomplished the things that *Monsenhor* Barrat has accomplished. The *mato* is as eternal—it seems—as are his faith, his hope and his charity. They radiate a peace, a serenity, the spell of which one cannot cast aside once one has absorbed it.

I cannot end without disclosing my bishop's one temporal wish: it is to have one flight in an airplane! For Saint Michael, the great archangel who had wings to fly with, is his patron saint, and *Monsenhor* would like to borrow those wings for one day.

He is now praying each day that I may sometime come back to the Amazon in a large seaplane, and land on Teffé lake to give him his wish.

Possession

The fields resent intrusion. When you leave
A wagon rut they fill it full of clover
And buttercups and Queen Anne's lace. They weave
A tapestry of vines and throw it over
The fences that are near. A meadow looks
So lazy as it stretches in the sun,
So peaceful with its grazing cows, its brooks,
Its languid willows; hardly anyone
Would think a meadow restless. Yet they scheme—
Forever crafty, eager to regain
Some old abandoned garden or redeem
The winding beauty of a country lane.
The fields resent intrusion. They would grow
The way they did a thousand years ago.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT.

WHEN SLEEP IS SICKNESS

By ADRIAN SCOLTEN

IN THE state of Wisconsin there are, at the present time, over eight hundred cases of epidemic encephalitis. This disease, perhaps better known as sleeping sickness, has a high death rate, is probably contagious and carries serious after-effects. To many victims it is, in truth, a "living death." Should not social and mental welfare workers search for a means of lessening the untold misery which it causes?

Many of the behavior disorders which have amazed and shocked the public mind in children of good mentality and apparently good home training, can be traced to attacks of acute epidemic encephalitis. Because no special facilities have been provided for the care of these unfortunates, many of them are confined in reform schools. Here conditions are anything but conducive to improvement. Many adults likewise suffer prolonged disability and peculiarities in behavior following an attack. Because there is inadequate provision for study and hospitalization of such cases, and because the mental aberration is not serious enough to class them as insane, these people float about, a burden to themselves, their families and associates. They are, too often, without sympathetic understanding, have no hope for the future, and end in despair and sometimes suicide.

The state which establishes a means whereby the victims of sleeping sickness could be cared for over a length of time sufficient to study the disease and help the patient, will take first place in the fight against a tremendous and baffling problem. If some state gives adequate attention to the disease, other states will surely follow. These sleeping sickness cases in the past have involved only a small portion of the population, and many were not recognized until they had already become chronic. Many others have never been recognized, for the disease presents most variegated symptoms. The post-mortem table, however, should not be the best diagnostic table.

Unless one happens to be a member of the family in which epidemic encephalitis has found a victim, it is not likely that his attention has been brought to the inadequacy of the means available in our public institutions for the care and study of these cases. It is a disease which is disconcerting, disabling and pauperizing. It comes through nobody's fault, as insidiously as a cold or the influenza and doubtless by the same portal of entry. It is confined to no country and has spread over the world like the biblical plagues.

In an investigation made in Germany by Hess, it was found that every patient examined from one to two years after the initial attack still had serious physical and nervous disorders. Because these residual effects are of such long duration, the number of individuals incapacitated by the disease increases each year. At the present time there are in the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States thousands of persons suffering from its ravages, even though only a few hundred new cases are discovered and reported to state health departments each year. Even today many states do not require reports on this disease, and no state legislature seems fully aware of the need for any legislation.

Epidemic encephalitis is perhaps caused by an unidentified microbe that invades the brain and spinal cord, without involving the higher cortical or thinking centres of the brain. The symptoms in the chronic forms of the disease are largely those of disordered muscular control, disturbances of the emotions and inability to make a living. There may be a mask-like face, double vision, stupor, speech difficulties, behavior disorders or extreme irritability, but these patients are not insane and should not be classed or confined with the insane. They are entirely conscious of their plight, rarely living in the happy dream world, not caring what others think or say about them.

In many of the serious nervous disorders, unfortunately, the mental processes are involved in an indirect way. Even though there is no definite mental confusion, there is difficulty in the emotional control field. The symptoms are much like those presented by an extremely neurotic person. There is often a great depression of the spirits, a loss of will power, poorly controlled impulses with violent outbursts of temper, loss of interest in surroundings and unfounded fears and anxieties. All this has an organic basis—the patient is not simply "a neurotic."

Epidemic encephalitis is to be feared, for it is a disease from which no one is immune. Persons of all ages, classes and conditions of living are open to its attack. No effective means of curbing its spread is now protecting us. With the increase in prevalence, does not our chance of catching it increase?

The treatment of epidemic encephalitis cases, with the residual aftermath, also calls for more scientific study, care and hospital observation. Special measures, including careful cleansing of the nose, mouth and throat; massage, baths and especially psychotherapy are suggested treatments. With the benefit of these measures and the serious attention of trained workers, definite improvement can be secured in the present rather alarming state of affairs. If hospitalization and spiritual treatment are provided in connection with well-supervised farms, many of the individuals will earn their own support with limited indoor and outdoor work, and be less of a burden to themselves and others than they are now.

As things at present stand for these patients, adequate relief and treatment can be secured only at private institutions at an expense that is usually beyond the means of most. As a result, a great many of these unfortunate victims are not receiving what their condition demands. Many a useful member of society is thereby lost, and a definite economic burden is created which must ultimately be saddled on federal pensions, state aid and private charity.

In epidemic encephalitis we have a serious disease of the nervous system in which further study and proper hospital care may mean more than words can tell. Often without conspicuous deformities to excite pity, the emotional unbalance of the sleeping sickness victim makes him hard to associate with, and causes lack of sympathy and understanding. In many instances these innocent victims are totally disabled, yet wofully neglected. Such neglect is a disgrace to enlightened civilization. Surely it needs only the thorough awakening of public opinion to bring about the required legislation, and to attract the attention of private philanthropy.

DOWN THE ROAD EAST

By LEO R. WARD

A YELLOW sierra of hills lay to the east of our place, down the road. Then around a jog or two was another choppy row of them that we called "the Washboard." It was a saying with us that hills are the oldest thing in the world. I think they must have a way of renewing themselves, for, though they stand out in the weather, time tells very little on them. But they left a mark on all us hill people.

We gazed toward the light that breaks over the point of a hill and we watched our steps down into the valley every day of our lives. The plains were at our back, but we never ranged toward them. Our houses, our pigs, our orchards, everything that we had, as well as ourselves, hung on the side of the hill. Our fathers plowed the steep wall and planted it; we played there and went down the hilly road to school.

We knew every rise of every slope, as you know the mounds on the lawn or the turns of your face, and with the help of landmarks, little individual ins and outs of the hills, we could place anything exactly for one who knew our world and our language. We knew where an unhealthy elm rose out of woolly grey mullens on your left, half-way up the third hill as you went east; where pinoaks and hickories thinned toward the tops of hills and the soil soured and would grow only a wiry grass specked with red and the sheep-sorrel that ate into our tongues and the lining of our cheeks; where the clay was gravelly, blue-veined, marlish; where the greater black-oaks and elms spread out on the slit of the bottoms.

"Oh, yes, but those were the old days, ancient times when people could know a road so familiarly; we move faster now. Look at the road out here, black with cars."

I understand; everything, perhaps life itself, is speeded up; as you note, has more mobility. But, I am glad to say, the road east is in no danger of becoming an auto run, though it might do to mark an airway. I prefer its calm. I was taken out of the bit of quiet that a city affords and hurried through the streets one day last summer by a friend who wished to go faster than the human flow, and as I followed I could only catch at the thought that he had got it into his head that if he did not hustle and keep "on the go" he would never get anywhere; and I thought to myself, still pursuing, "Man, you are somewhere now, if you'd only stop; where you are—that is somewhere."

In our hills and on our road, you would be somewhere. Just stop and look around. Here is the Squire's place, burry and unproductive as it has always been, here is J. C.'s, here is Susie's timbered eighty. Here in this hazelbrush, barked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last winter by the rabbits and showing only a live shoot or two, is a flock of quail chicks that merely breaks covey and runs cheeping out of your reach. I killed a snake yesterday, a leathery livid bull, on this second hill, east side, going down, at the spot where that post is broken off in Big Man's fence. Near the peak of this last hill, just where you go down, you can reach up from your horse's back and help yourself to plums that, though of a scabby, cholera look and a lumpy meat, can be turned into an excellent jelly. Or you can pick grapes that leave a purple-pink stain, not snipping them off in a dainty way but running a whole branch through your fingers.

This road was never trafficky. But if you heard someone coming down the next hill you began to pull out and to figure how you could make room to pass. A dozen persons went this way afoot or ahorseback or in rigs from dawn to dusk in summer, and a January snow might lie unbroken for weeks.

Hardly anyone ever goes down the road east any more, and the mile of it, which before Einstein was the shortest distance from end to end, is seldom measured; its space is inconsiderable, but the space-time of it is avoided. The seven or eight miles around are regarded by practical people as much shorter.

The hill people for me. I know there tends to be about them something scraggly and angular, like the shell-barks and burr-oaks holding on to the clay of the hills. But there is less of the monotony that goes with the plain. A hill man is disappointed when he goes to live on the plains and finds so great a lack of diversity and color in nature and in the people's lives. In spite of themselves, people of the prairies look out on a sameness and flatness. Their horizon is an unbroken piece, almost a conventional thing. In cities, also, life is dull, and the people, pressed like prairie dwellers with nothing new to see, are apt to take to drinking, or hurrying.

I would find the greatest pleasure in going for a walk today down the road east. It was our road, the hills were ours, intimately made into our lives. We were taken up and down them, as a child is taken to church, before we knew hill from plain. We were baptized in clay, and as we grew up they were there, always the same, before our opening minds. We trundled along over their feet, rested a moment leaning on their sides, and saw the world from their brows. We took physical shape and, I think, mental turns from looking seldom on a level but up and down their slopes, and if we became a little earthy they became very human.

Vixen

And if you went away
Leaving me behind,
I would seal a certain
Corner of my mind;
I would twist an iris
From its narrow stalk;
Scrawl upon your gate-post
Ribaldries in chalk.

But . . . if you came again
Some cool afternoon,
I would break the silence
Of that dusty room;
Plant a second iris
By the weathered gate,
Lest you should surmise my
Venom, or my hate.

LEO KENNEDY.

COMMUNICATIONS

MONTE CASSINO

Rome.

TO the Editor:—Dom Bede Gray, in his letter of July 10, 1929, writes: "Mr. Giordani, in The Commonweal for June 12, tells us: 'Saint Maur introduced monasticism into France'; 'Saint Placid . . . was sent to Messina'; 'From his monastery on the Caelian he [Saint Gregory] sent Augustine, who with forty companions set foot on English soil in 596'; 'And from this time Saint Benedict seems to have taken possession of England as his own.'"

Dom Gray ought to write: "Cardinal Gasquet tells us," because I was summing up his last book on Saint Benedict.

All these points laid down by Gasquet are for Dom Gray "nothing more than traditions. There does not exist one shred of documentary or archaeological proof confirming them as authentic history." But tradition does not mean legend, nor imply opposition to, or defect of, truth. If that were so, the very principles of religion and history would be broken.

The real question might be this: Does there exist one shred of documentary or archaeological proof *against* these traditions? A different criterion could easily lead one to deny—as has happened—even the historical existence of Jesus, or of Saint Peter, or of Saint Clement Roman, or of Saint Benedict, etc., etc.

But hundreds of historians, among them Mabillon, Hergenröther, U. Berlière, Gasquet, give these statements as a history, not as a tradition. Mabillon, for instance, quotes and examines critically more than one document, before reaching those conclusions. One may read, in his preface to the monumental Acta Sanctoram, O.S.B., T.I., the fifth and eighth chapters: "De S. Mauri missione in Gallias," and "Augustinum sociosque monachos non tantum Fidei Christianae, sed etiam rei Benedectinae esse auctores."

For his objection, Dom Gray relies on a statement attributed by Eddius to Saint Wilfrid, according to which the Benedictine rule was introduced into England by this saint. At least this seems to be the interpretation given to his words by Dom Gray. Eddius, however, is not so reliable as Dom Gray believes.

"Heddius, Bedae carus," as Hurter says (Nom. Litt. I, 650) "scripsit saepe panegyristae in modum vitam S. Wilfridi."

"That Eddi's Life"—as B. W. Wells confirms (English Historical Review, 1891, VI, 535)—"is the work of a partizan appears even from a cursory reading and is generally recognized." I should say, however, that Eddius was not so partizan as to deny the most obvious truth. Indeed he relates that Saint Wilfrid from Sussex went back "ad sedem coenobialem" (i. e., to a monastery); then he went to Kent, whence he returned with the rule of Saint Benedict. Now Kent is in England; and if he found the rule there, obviously the rule existed in England before him. From Kent, relates Eddius, Saint Wilfrid brought also masons and cantors, among them Eddius himself. Yet "it is not probable," as Wells goes on, "that Wilfrid became there first acquainted with the Benedictine rule, as Eddi's local pride makes him assert."

Eddius's Life was unknown to the Bollandists; it was discovered by Mabillon, who says that he found in this work "the proof confirming the spread of the Benedictine rule in England made by the disciples of Saint Gregory, Augustine and others."

That is, Mabillon found exactly the contrary to what has been seen by Dom Gray.

If Dom Gray had cited all the words attributed to Wilfrid,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would have found even in them a proof confirming what he calls "tradition." Indeed Wilfrid referred only to a particular place of England, not to all England, as Mabillon shows:

"Itaque haec verba 'quam nullus ibi prior invexit' [the same quoted by Dom Gray] sic accipienda sunt, ut nemo ante Wilfridum Regulae Benedictinae usum praximque in Northumbrensia monasteria invexerit; quam quidem Regulam Gregorii discipuli Augustine and his companions nequidquam ibidem . . . commendaverant." Also: "Wilfridus, non ex Italia, non ex Gallia . . . accepit [Regulam] sed ex ipsa civitate Cantuaria."

That is: Wilfrid took the rule not from abroad, but from England, yet from Canterbury, and more exactly from the monastery founded by Saint Augustine. Who testifies to that? Among others, Eddius himself. "Huius rei luculentum habemus testem Eddium." So, even Eddius gives a "shred of documentary proof."

To discuss more deeply the implications of the objection made by Dom Gray would mean to discuss the origin of the monasticism in the western world: which cannot be done here and with the ocean between us.

As to the judgment about Reyner, I do not see why Dom Gray took the pains to cite it, since I have never referred to the works of this author.

IGINO GIORDANI.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

Denver, Colo.

TO the Editor:—I note in your issue of August 7 the letter from Edythe Helen Browne, in which she takes issue with my review of Elizabeth Jordan's The Devil and the Deep Sea, which appeared in The Commonweal. A mystery novel which was to me not only "tepid" but tiresome and quite inconsequential—impressions which I tried not to convey too heartlessly in my review—was to Miss Browne the acme of perfection; possessing, to judge from her letter, a variety of qualities which should raise the book to the peaks of the best-sellers.

Our wide disagreement as to the merits of the tale would seem to resolve itself into a question of taste. I frankly and sincerely thought the story a dud, and said so. Miss Browne thinks the book a regular whopdoodle, and she certainly has a right to her opinion. I doubt if the general public of this or future generations will manifest that lively interest in the volume which might conceivably lend some importance to our difference of opinion—but, anyway, all we can do for the nonce is to leave our separate cases in the hands of those hardy souls who are minded to buy the book and read it.

Indeed, I should not trouble to reply to Miss Browne were it not for the last sentence of her letter, which summed up her chagrin and, like a bolt out of a serene sky, left me incredulous, amazed. That sentence was, "Is this the way to boost Catholic writers?"

As Miss Browne apparently represents a school of criticism with standards different from those of young Catholic writers like myself, I should like her to clarify her implied position by answering the following questions: Was it incumbent upon me, reviewing a mystery story for a Catholic magazine, to ascertain if the author of the story were a Catholic or no, before forming my opinion of the value of the book? Presuming I found the author to be a Catholic, should I have called the mystery a ripping fine one, when in my true opinion it was a bore? Or, possibly, should The Commonweal—if it accepted the mission "to boost Catholic writers," even when they write books having no conceivable connection with Catholicism—investigate the religion of authors before turning their books over to reviewers, and give instructions to their reviewers to "boost" books by Catholics, regardless of what the reviewers think of the books?

Miss Browne has raised a standard of critical appreciation of lay fiction which I thought had long since been discountenanced except in the narrowest and most stupid sheets. To a magazine like The Commonweal, held in the highest of respect by discriminating Catholics and non-Catholics alike, such a principle would be suicide. Does Miss Browne, who, I believe, has herself appeared as a contributor in The Commonweal, continue to hold that Catholic writers should "boost" any book by a Catholic, however bad—as in the case in point—they think the book?

HARRY MCGUIRE,
Editor, Outdoor Life.

IN SAECULA SAECULORUM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The title (In Saecula Saeculorum) of Father Moran's letter in The Commonweal of August 14, should suffice to take the imagined "sting" out of the adjective usually employed to designate priests (and laymen) not bound by the vows of religion.

Possibly a better adjective than "secular" may be found. But the adjective "pastoral," which his reverence attributes to Archbishop Ullathorne, seems to fail, when religious, as well as seculars, are engaged in pastoral work. His own suggestion of "diocesan" fails also, because it does not cover the case of such secular clergy as the beneficiaries of collegiate churches, as Oratorians, as Paulists or members of other congregations of seculars, nor, of course, of individual priests not attached to a diocese.

Whatever they are to be called, they remain the same. The diocesan clergy are the ordinary ministers of the sacraments and the other secular clergy are special guard regiments or special individual officers to be employed by the Church for special purposes. The title of Father Moran's letter reasserts the eternal doctrine of the Church that the common father has need of secular clergy as well as of religious, and has made just as ample provision for them "in saecula saeculorum."

W. ESDAILE BYLES.

FRANKNESS IN THE FORUM

Huron City, Mich.

TO the Editor:—Without wishing to enter into this or any other controversy, I observe in Mr. Orebaugh's letter in your issue of August 14, this statement: "I have yet to see an instance of a Protestant being permitted to address a Catholic congregation" Leaving out a considerable number of Knights of Columbus gatherings, allow me to say that in response to cordial invitations, I have addressed the congregation in a Catholic Church, in several convents, and in schools—and in all instances I believe I was the only person present who was not a Catholic.

En revanche, twenty-eight Catholics attended the little Methodist church where I preached a few Sundays ago. No reason for excitement—and less for ill feeling.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

The Wicked Street

Wall Street and Washington, by Joseph Stagg Lawrence. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $5.00.

IN Stabilization of Prices, written in 1928, Professor Lawrence takes issue with those who believe that some steps more positive than discussion and study should be taken in the matter of stabilizing prices. He refuses to concede that the situation is so desperate, or that we are equipped with the knowledge to determine what remedial measures beyond discussion and study we should apply. He starts out from somewhat the same premise in Wall Street and Washington. The book is a spirited defense of that "innocent community," lower Manhattan, and a merciless castigation of those interfering with its doings, to wit, certain members of "that chamber of absurdities," the Senate, and the Federal Reserve Board charged with doing their bidding.

One need not be adept in the cabalistic art of high finance to penetrate the mysteries of the controversy. In fact, too close attention to the economics might make one lose sight of the politics which for many readers will constitute the pith of the matter. This is the gist of the economics, stated in the idiom of the original:

According to the prevailing argument voiced by the senators in question, and the members of the Committees on Banking and Currency of both Senate and House, Wall Street is indulging in a veritable orgy of speculation. Recently the day's gambling reached the stupendous volume of $6,000,000,000. These transactions of a crazy stock market are made not on a ready cash basis, but largely on money borrowed from all kinds of banks, from all parts of the country, depriving all sorts of commerce and industry, including agriculture, of needed credit. Worst of all, in the form of rediscount loans, this borrowed money comes in part even from the Federal Reserve Banks. The implication is patent. Wall Street is hurting productive industries and agriculture. When the Federal Reserve system was established, it was expected that the Central Banks would be able to control the activities of the money market. This has proved a vain hope. The Reserve Board's measures have been futile, and it has lacked the courage to employ others which would be successful. Hence there ought to be another law to remedy the Board's deficient methods.

Coming to the case of the Federal Reserve Board as stated by its representatives at the hearings, we are informed that it has done about all that it thought wise and legitimate to keep call loans, prices and speculation down. It has raised and raised again rates of discount. It has sold "governments" in the open market and raised rates at the same time. In consequence the interest rate on call loans went up. Unfortunately, more credit was advanced from the hinterland anxious to benefit from this higher interest rate and, of course, prices and volume of speculation in Wall Street went higher still. Finally, the Board felt constrained to warn the Reserve and member Banks against the danger of speculative loans. What more could the Board do? Ostensibly it has done all these things because it believed that "there is danger of a scarcity of gold," that "there is danger of a general credit expansion and inflation" and that "the 'undue' absorption of funds by the stock market deprives commerce of its legitimate due and the latter has suffered or is suffering or will suffer." But Professor Lawrence thinks that the Board was stung into action by fear of those men in the Senate and the things that were to emanate from that source.

Considering the politics of the issue, we come to understand the author's scorn for the senators' zeal and his lack of appreciation of the Board's alleged want of candor. For Professor Lawrence is of the opinion that the band of senators which now is "revealing the hideous turpitude of Wall Street" is "the identical group which has given us prohibition . . . prevented our participation in the League of Nations . . . [and] has discovered farm relief." He holds that this assault upon Wall Street is not the result of an acute indignation caused by the sudden discovery of the shameful behavior of bankers, brokers and speculators. It is the natural manifestation of the chronic attitude of a type which can be traced back to the antagonism "between the democratic pioneer communities and the tide-water 'nobility' [which] was evident along the entire coast." In New England that manifestation was evidenced in the antagonism between the inhabitants of the interior and the aristocratic high hats of Boston; along the middle Atlantic, in the similar conflict between the farmers of the interior and the wealthy merchants and traders of the coast cities; in the South, in "the struggle between the small farmers and the wealthy patrician planter with his army of slaves and dominant position in the community."

In the creation of the constitution the interior element had little influence. Not until the coming of Jefferson and Jeffersonian democracy did it reach the ascendancy over the wealthy mercantile and cultured sea coast. Half a century of sectionalism finally led to secession and Civil War. Though the "most truculent dissidents" were curbed by force of arms, the strife of interests remained in the form of the greenback movement, the silver-standard question and the advocacy of bimetalism.

Today the battle-cry is prohibition, farm relief, anti-Romanism and inhibition of speculation. For these are the issues for which "the members of the upper house whose strictures on speculation have dragooned the Board into a series of repressive measures . . ." stand, shout and fight. As Professor Lawrence adds:

"The mere enumeration of these men classifies them. . . . They are the champions of the agrarian party. Again with one exception they are staunch supporters of prohibition. . . . One of them is reputed to be the leader of the Ku Klux Klan in his state. Another is afraid of Roman dominion, an apprehension which he voices loudly—and continuously. Their utter lack of judicial temper and financial knowledge impeaches their competence to pass on matters concerning Wall Street. . . ."

Every page bears evidence of the author's strong conviction and courage. He admits that speculative operation "has been surrounded by a fringe of fraud which has imparted to all speculation its own sinister countenance." But he reminds those "gentlemen of high moral voltage and abysmal prejudice" that Wall Street "has enforced upon its members a code of ethics which it were well for the supreme legislative body of the land to emulate." The rules of this code, he remarks, "apply only to its [Wall Street's] own members and their violation is visited with severe punishment," whereas "Congress passes laws for others to observe which are flagrantly violated by the very men who have passed them."

If the economics of the book makes fascinating reading, its politics has a persuasive appeal most difficult to resist. Whether we want to or not, we feel inclined to believe that the author's diagnosis of the case against Wall Street is essentially correct.

JOHANNES MATTERN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogues on application to the Secretary

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
A Catholic college for women offering courses leading to Bachelor degrees in arts, science and music. Registered by the State Boards of Education in N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Courses in Home Economics and Music. Campus of 400 acres. Tennis, hockey, riding and other sports. *Catalogue*
Address Dean, Box C. Convent Station, New Jersey

THE URSULINE ACADEMY
A College Preparatory School for Girls
Resident and Day Pupils
Chartered by the Regents of New York
Grand Concourse at 165th St., New York City

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

GLAD FEET
We're a pair of happy feet
Stepping out from morn to night
Always had the best of care
With a future just as bright.
To foot ills we're a stranger
Never a bunion or corn
Always dressed in the latest style
In shoes from PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36 St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK. N. Y.
CATALOGUES. MAGAZINES. BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Saint of the Poor

The Heroic Life of Saint Vincent de Paul, by Henri Lavedan; translated by Helen Younger Chase. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $2.50.

"PIOUS reading" is no longer painful reading. Especially has religious biography freed itself from the taint of conscious edification, or if here and there it lingers on, it belongs to a bygone age when saints' haloes were warranted non-detachable from the cradle to the grave, and the twinkle of very human eyes was lost in the permanently uplifted gaze of the ecstatic. If the present age has contributed to spiritual truth —as what age has not!—the essential humanity of the saints is not the least of its lessons. Of old, the devout suppliant raised his eyes to saints in glory; today the saints walk the earth with us, clad as we are, speaking our language, seeing further, gripping harder, loving more perhaps, yet with eyes and hands and hearts like our own.

No figure in the calendar of saints—save perhaps Saint Francis of Assisi—invites more human treatment than does Saint Vincent de Paul. And that human treatment, that spiritual realism translating divine into human terms, has guided M. Lavedan in his study of Saint Vincent. Against a background of conflict, civil and religious, of degraded poverty and irresponsible wealth, of brilliance and squalor, of selfishness and heroism—but of heroism latent and inactive—the writer draws for us, in strong but simple outline, the figure of the Gascon peasant, the devoted priest and missioner, the pioneer of modern charity. For truly, to no man does organized social work owe more than to Saint Vincent de Paul. He it was who first systematically directed the hidden impulses of charity in thousands of hearts into practical channels of rescue and relief; who grappled with poverty as a problem rather than a chronic social condition; who studied indefatigably its many phases, and brought to its solution an enlightened charity—a charity that dealt, indeed, with the individual, but with the individual as related to the group; with the particular ill, but with the ill as a possible symptom of a social disorder.

Scarcely a phase of charitable work escaped him: prison work, hospital work, the establishment of night refuges, of foundling hospitals, of associations of charity and of religious orders for relieving and visiting the poor—these, in addition to the spiritual work of country missions of retreats for clergy and laity, and of personal direction, were but part of the vast edifice of charity which the single initiative of one man was able to erect. And so sure and deep were the foundations laid that even the upheavals of industrialism and the growth of capitalism have left unshaken the principles on which his work was founded. Today our best social thought and effort show surprising correspondence with those which characterize Saint Vincent de Paul.

M. Lavedan's style—simple, vivid and dramatic—is peculiarly suited to his purpose. In the career of Saint Vincent de Paul—in his life as a shepherd-boy of the Landes and as a slave in Barbary, in his later contacts with the humble and the great—there is much that is picturesque, and the author does not neglect his opportunities. Against the drama of the age we see unroll itself the drama of the saint's personal experience. The narrative slips frequently into dramatic form, and we are face to face with the saint in the crises or in the normal incidents of his career. The descriptions, though brief, are impressive and animated by poetic feeling. In contrast with the more striking qualities of the work is the reflective note, which is occasionally developed into a brief essay—as,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for instance, the passage relating to the white cornet of the Sister of Charity.

The translation, though occasionally a trifle too literal, is on the whole excellently done. One feels, however, that the work does not readily lend itself to translation; that it is, for such a purpose, too purely Latin in the quality of its fundamental emotion and in its method of approach to the subject.

As a biography, the present life will reach many who would turn aside from a more ponderous work. It belongs undoubtedly to the type of popular biography; but it is not lacking in the finer qualities of perception and poetic feeling. That the book does not present a more subjective view of the saint can scarcely be deemed a fault—though one may regret its absence—for the author's purpose has clearly been the presentation, at once objective and informal, of the saint's life and work.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

Southland

Homeplace, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

WITH the appearance last year of The Happy Mountain, Mrs. Chapman added her name to the list of southern novelists who are producing probably the most vital work in contemporary American creative literature. In Ellen Glasgow, who can be counted in this group inasmuch as her really significant work belongs to this period, in Julia Peterkin, in Du Bose Heywood, and in Fiswoode Tarleton, the South is fulfilling the promise made by Miss Murphree and Joel Chandler Harris a generation ago; we will leave Mr. Cabell out of the roster because his novels, with the exception of The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck, belong not to the South but to No Man's Land. That the South should have come into its own is not surprising. It is poor in the things of this world, it is narrow and intolerant if you will; but it has escaped both the pseudo-internationalizing of the East and the arid and despiritualizing materialization of the West. Ignorance may be anathema to the modern mind, but sometimes ignorance may keep a people's soul untarnished by far deadlier things. And in reading Mrs. Chapman's latest book, one realizes that only in a country like the South could such a work have been written.

Homeplace is not a great novel; its canvas is not big enough; it is too local in its feeling. Yet it is a true and at times a very beautiful book. The language in which it is written, so archaic that it almost seems as if we were back in pre-Elizabethan times, is yet racy, filled with poignant feeling, uplifted with an extraordinary freedom and audacity of metaphor. The conversations of the characters are a joy, and the characters themselves live their lives as vitally as the peasants of George Eliot or of Hardy.

And then—peace be to the ashes of the Intellegentsia! and ashes indeed seem their thoughts and lives beside the splendid vitality of Mrs. Chapman's mountaineers—how healthy is the spirit of the book! Bess herself might be a figure out of one of the lesser Elizabethans, so sane, so sweet, so free in her mind and her expression. Only when Mrs. Chapman herself speaks do we sometimes feel that we might wish her writing a little different, do we regret that she is not content to allow the characters to live their lives and speak their thoughts in the language which is theirs without striving to put her own thoughts into similar language. After all Mrs. Chapman is not a southern peasant, and she would be more effective if,

TEACHING THE CHILD AT HOME

A letter from Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

"What I want at present is a book for pastors and their assistants so that they may instruct societies of mothers, and 'Bookless Lessons for the teacher-mother' meets this need. Please send me one hundred copies, and ten copies of 'Beginning the Child's Education'."

These books by Ella Frances Lynch, founder of the International League of Teacher-Mothers, and a leader in the field of training the child in the home have been accepted as the outstanding contributions to this most important phase of education. Every parent should have copies of these two books.

Bookless Lessons for the Teacher-Mother, $1.85 postpaid.

Beginning the Child's Education, limited edition in paper covers, half price, $1.10 postpaid.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF TEACHER-MOTHERS

Minerva, New York

Georgetown Preparatory School

Garrett Park, Maryland

Country School
Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers
Regular Four-Year Classical
High School Course

Classes Limited **Private Rooms Only**

Situated in the villa section of Montgomery County, Maryland, Eleven Miles from the National Capital. New South Wing has just been completed with accommodations for twenty additional resident students.

For information or catalogue apply **HEADMASTER**

GORHAM

ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

Rosaries	Candlesticks	Vases
Crucifixes	Ostensoria	Pyxis & Oil Stocks
Medals	Vestments	Triptychs

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. EDWARD'S UNIVERSITY
AUSTIN, TEXAS
Ranked as a Senior College of the First Class by the Catholic Educational Association and the Association of Texas Colleges.
Conducted by the Congregation of Holy Cross.
Courses lead to degress in: ARTS AND SCIENCES, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, ENGINEERING, AND JOURNALISM. Also two years of Pre-Law and Pre-Medicine.
—Write the Registrar for a catalog.

OUR LADY ACADEMY
Manteno, Ill. 47 miles S. of Chicago, 2 blocks S.W. of I.C. Station, Route 49. Accredited Boarding School for Girls. Separate department for Boys from 6 to 12 years. Specialties: Commercial, Music, French, Art.
Send for Bulletin

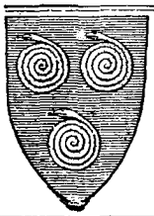
BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Chapel—Daily Mass
Rates: $4.00 per day and Upward, Including Meals
Sr. Directress, BETHANY HOUSE, Maryknoll, N. Y.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, (Long Island) New York
A Residential and Day School for Girls.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL
630 Riverside Drive, New York City
Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

SUMMER VACATION TRIPS and CRUISES
Europe, Nova Scotia, New Foundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto-Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to New England and Canada. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535—5th Ave., N. Y. City Phone 8390-8391 Murray Hill

IRISH HAMS and BACON
Hungarian Salami
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams
M. H. GREENEBAUM, INC.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

when she speaks herself, she would speak as a woman filled with the spirit of the life of which she writes, yet not writing as if she too were one of her characters.

It is at these times that the book becomes too near a tour de force. But after all, these moments are to be forgiven for the beautiful truth of the major portion of the book, a book which "asks no hidden questions" but which tells a simple story in a language of rare originality and poetic power, spoken by people who are of the earth and yet of the spirit.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Travel Here and Yonder

People and Places, by Douglas Goldring. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

MR. GOLDRING is an excellent traveler for he has keen eyes, amiability and a sense of humor. The readiest proof of this lies in his last chapter but one, entitled The Trip to the States, in which he gets no farther than New York and Boston but proves in delightful prose that he has caught the savor of each. His friends, of course, introduce him to that unique American institution, the speakeasy, where over "$2.00 worth of whisky" they excitedly discuss Ezra Pound, Shakespeare, internationalism and the rest, or Mr. Goldring listens to a fellow-Englishman recount his (and probably Mr. Goldring's) impressions of the Americans. "They go rushing on and take the European visitor with them as long as he can stand the pace. But where are they rushing to, my dear Douglas? Progress . . . whither and to what? If we only knew, if *they* only knew, their destination, we might have a glimpse of the future history of the world for the rest of the century. Obviously they cannot proceed at such a rate without getting somewhere . . . or running off the rails."

When our curiosity is satisfied as to what Mr. Goldring has to say about us, we turn to the beginning of the book, convinced that in accompanying the genial Englishman on his further pilgrimages we shall find some stimulation and much delight. We pay unhurried visits to the Balearic Islands, to the Riviera, to Brittany and to Montenegro, and are never disappointed. Mr. Goldring's interest in places does not overshadow his interest in people, and against the setting of hill or huddled village or out-of-the-way *pension* he sketches many a vivid figure with deft strokes.

This is a charming book, with its frequent glimpses into out-of-the-way places, its tolerant and kindly point of view, its lightness of touch, and its incidents unfailingly colored by humor or mildly sophisticated sentiment.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN CARTER, the author of Man is War; and Conquest, is associated with the State Department in Washington.

AODH DE BLÁCAM is the author of Gaelic Literature Surveyed, from which book the present paper has been taken.

J. DESBRIERE IRWIN, a vice-president of the Aviators' Auxiliary of the American Legion, is now a resident of Aruba, Dutch West Indies.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT is a Brooklyn poet.

ADRIAN SCOLTEN is a research student in medicine at the University of Wisconsin.

REV. LEO R. WARD, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, is an essayist and critic.

LEO KENNEDY is an associate editor of the Canadian Mercury.

JOHANNES MATTERN is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and author of several standard treatises on phases of political science.

ELEANOR DOWNING, a poet, is a member of the English department of Manhattanville College, New York City.

GRENVILLE VERNON, the author of The Image in the Path, is a critic of music and opera.

JOSEPH J. REILLY, a member of the English department of Hunter College, New York City, is the author of Newman as a Man of Letters.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED